

CADILLACS & DINOSAURS

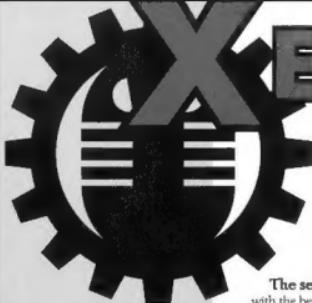


XENOZOIC TALES #14

\$2.95
\$4.15 CAN

by MARK SCHULTZ





XENOZOIC tales[®]

Past Collides with Future in the Xenozoic Age!

writer and artist

Mark Schultz

second story art

Steve Stiles

cover color, lettering

Denise Prowell

publisher

Denis Kitchen

editors

Dave Schreiner
and Chris Couch

art director

Amie Brockway

design

Kevin Lison

senior vp, production

Jim Kitchen

executive vp

Scott Hyman

senior director, sales

and marketing

Jamie Riehle

The seeds of the Cenozoic's cataclysmic demise were sown as early as the eighteenth century, with the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. Once mankind started on that path, there was no turning back, and the fate of the Earth was sealed. By A.D. 1996, the series of seismic and climatic upheavals that would bring about the unprecedented fall of our current geologic era had already begun.

Although it was not until many years later that the enormous pattern underlying the global catastrophe was understood, and the unfortunate cause of it identified, by the early twenty-first century, mankind had begun its retreat from the increasingly inhospitable surface of the earth to the safety of vast subterranean shelters.

By A.D. 2020, the churning, spitting earth came to a boil. Seas rose, continents sank, billions died, and entire species were consumed. The few surviving humans huddled in their steel tombs and waited . . .

Five hundred years after it had sealed itself off, mankind returned to the daylight and was greeted by a radically altered world—a world that should not exist. Earth's fantastic new ecosystem was swarming with incredible life forms. The mighty dinosaur had returned, along with the woolly mammoth, the sail-backed dimetrodon, and a million other resurrected mysteries.

Now, come along on a voyage through beauty and terror and paradox. Come along and visit the *Xenozoic Age* . . .

Refugee **Jack Temere** has, through a combination of political savvy and brute force, begun building a fragile base of power in **Wassoon**. Much to **Hannah**'s dismay, he and the deadly **Lord Balclutha** have formed an uneasy alliance. As they spar with the **Lord Drumheller** over plans for military action against the **City in the Sea**, an unforeseen player enters the arena . . .

Xenozoic Tales #14 © 1996 Mark Schultz. Xenozoic Tales and Kitchen Sink Press are registered trademarks of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc. The Kitchen Sink logo is a trademark of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc. All rights reserved. Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060. Any similarity between character names, and/or institutions, living or dead, is purely coincidental, but for instances of satire, and should not be inferred. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the publisher.

First printing, October 1996

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

For a free catalog listing dozens of *Xenozoic Tales* and *Cadillacs and Dinosaurs* items, including comic posters, T-shirts, stickers, mugs, as well as books, other comics, books, and related merchandise, call 1-800-672-7852, e-mail kitchensink@aol.com, fax 1-413-582-7716, or write Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060.

PRINTED IN CANADA



ANOTHER

SWARM

LOWER AWAY,
CAREFULLY!!!

CAREFULLY!!!

THE THING
WAS... SICK...
WHEN WE FOUND IT.
LORD DRUMHELLER.
MAYBE DYING. IT'S
HARD TO TELL.

ALWAYS
SOMETHING
NEW OUT OF
THE MARSHES,
EH?

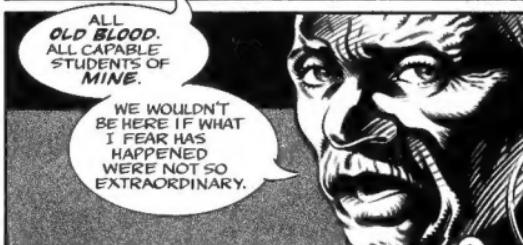
© 1996
Dynamite











THEY ALERTED
DRUMHELLER









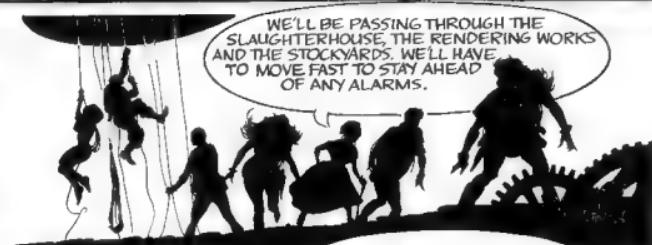
BALCLUTHA, HANNAH... THIS IS AN OLD BLOOD MATTER, BUT TENREC HAS TAKEN IT UPON HIMSELF TO INVITE YOU ALONG.

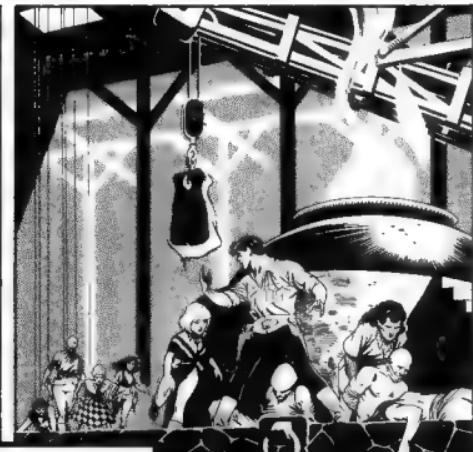
WE ALL READY?

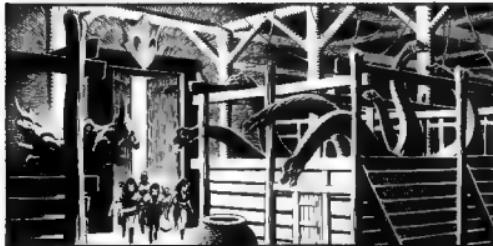
I WON'T TOLERATE ANY WILLFUL ESCAPADES OR INDISCRETIONS DOWN THERE, AND I HOPE YOU BOTH REALIZE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO BETRAY THE MACHINATIO VITAE...

LET'S GO, ADIWA.

NO NEED TO LECTURE, STEPTOE.







THERE GOES THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

SHUT UP AND GET ON YOUR HORSE!

HE CAN'T GET US IN THIS AIR CIRCULATION PASSAGE...

AND I KNOW IT'LL LEAD TO THE SECURITY PITS!







THAT
WON'T BE
NECESSARY.

OH, YES.
IT'S THAT FOOL
DRUMHELLER.



SORRY ABOUT THIS CHARADE,
BUT I KNEW I'D NEVER GET ANY
WILLING COOPERATION FROM YOU
OLD BLOODS—AND YOU'RE THE ONLY
PEOPLE WHO COULD CONFIRM WHAT
I'D CAPTURED WAS A LEGENDARY
HARVESTMAN.

AND THANK YOU,
HANNAH, FOR
ENSURING THEIR
SUCCESSFUL
PASSAGE.



I KNEW
ENOUGH OF
OLD BLOOD LORE
TO GUESS THAT
THIS WAS THE
CREATURE
THAT SUPPLIED
YOUR GUILD'S
MATERIAL
RESOURCES.

I WAS RIGHT...
AND NOW I BELIEVE
I HAVE THE START OF
MY OWN BREEDING
STOCK.



THIS IS
MADNESS,
DRUMHELLER.
YOU
BREAK THE
COVENANT...

I DON'T
THINK SO.
I'VE ONLY
ACQUIRED
SOMETHING
THAT YOU
OLD BLOODS
ALWAYS KEPT
TO YOUR-
SELVES...

THE COG-SPIDER IS NOT A COMMODITY! OUR OLD-BLOOD ANCESTORS IN THE GREAT SHELTERS MADE MANY SOLEMN PACTS WITH... OTHERS... TO INSURE THE SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN RACE...

THE HARVESTMEN EXPEL OXYGEN.

WHEN THE ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE SYSTEMS FAILED, THEY LITERALLY BREATHED LIFE INTO THE SHELTERS!

PRACTICALLY EVERY SQUARE INCH OF A HARVESTMAN IS OF USE.

BUT THEY GIVE THEIR DEAD TO US... THE OLD BLOOD MECHANICS... TO SHARE WITH OUR TRIBES.

WE DON'T TAKE FROM THEM!



FEH!
LOOK AT THIS
THING. IT'S
HARMLESS!
IT JUST SITS
THERE!

IT'S DYING!
IT COMES FROM
ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE
MUCH GREATER THAN
THAT OF THE EARTH'S
SURFACE.

THERE
ARE CREVASSES
IN THESE CAVERNS,
DRUMHELLER...
OPENINGS TO THE
UNDERWORLD.

IF YOU DON'T
ALLOW THIS
POOR CREATURE
TO RETURN HOME,
THAT WHICH COMES TO
CLAIM IT WILL BRING
RUIN DOWN ON
ALL WASSON



WELL,
IF IT DIES,
AT LEAST I'LL
HAVE USE OF
THIS ONE'S
CARCASS...

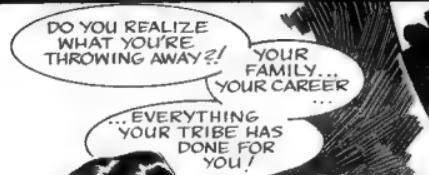
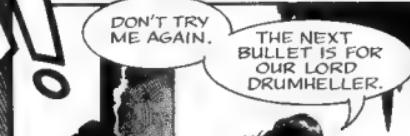


ADUWA,
YOUR RELIANCE ON
OLD BLOOD MYTHOLOGY
DOESN'T...

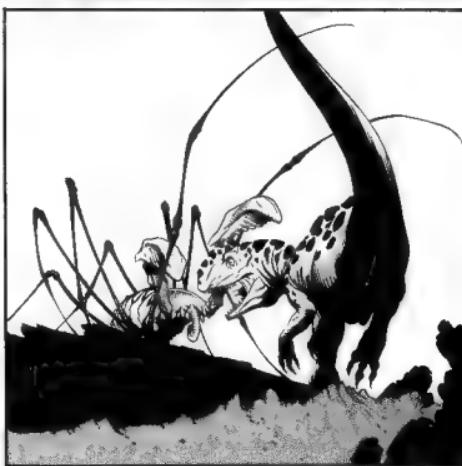
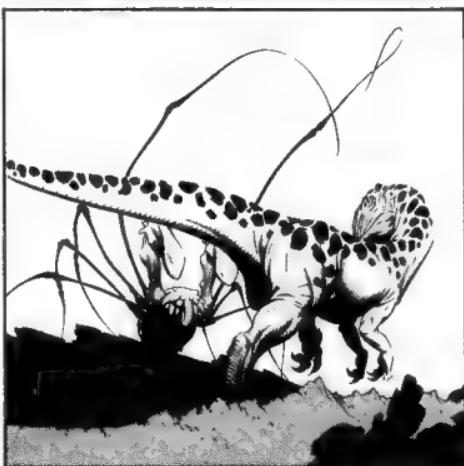
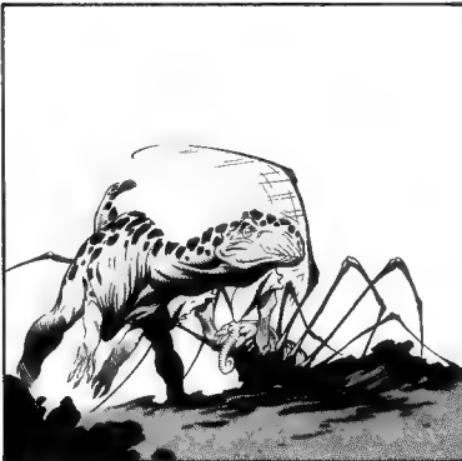
HEY!

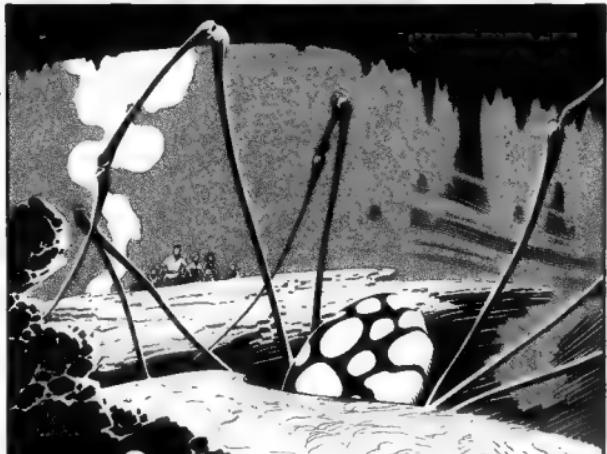
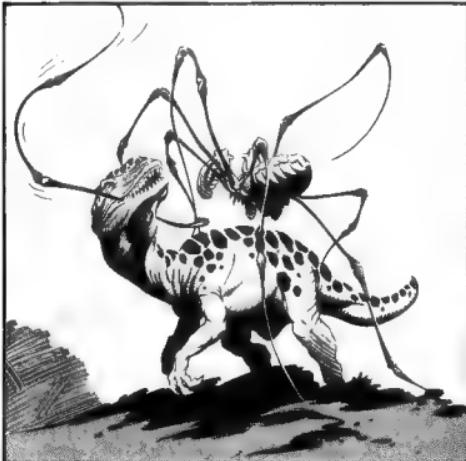


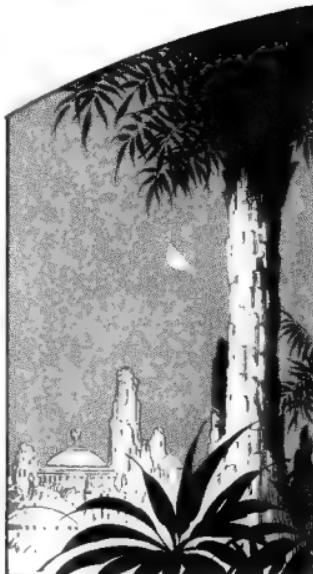
HANNAH?!
STOP!















Late breaking bulletin!

Low-tech Xenozoic Tales runs into high-tech cyberspace! Get all the inside scoop at our new website at <http://www.xenozoic.com/welcome/2014>

For this issue only, we have decided to devote the letter column to a single topic. At the urging of several friends, we are reprinting an article that deeply moved us and everyone who has read it. We consider comic art to be a powerful storytelling medium, and it is always our hope that we are able to bring something to readers that is available in no other medium. However, the words from Sarajevo published here brought us face-to-face with the power comics have to carry readers away from their daily lives into a world shared with other readers around the world in a way that nothing else ever has. We are grateful to Ervin Rustemagic for sharing this with Denis Kitchen and with the readers of *Xenozoic Tales* and, with the completion of the recent elections in Bosnia, it is with hope for peace in that war-torn country that we share Ervin's letter and the words of the late Karim Zaimovic with you.

Strip Art Features
Vol. 2, No. 1
Min. 2 - 199b

Dear Denis

You will probably remember that I told you in *Anguileme* about our newly appointed Editorial Director Karim Zaimovic twenty-four, who has been killed in Sarajevo by a shell in August 1995. Before he died Karim published an article on *Xenozoic Tales*, I present you an English translation of that article (remember? I always do what I promise to do but this one is longer than most) because we were terribly busy so only a few days ago one of my collaborators managed to do that translation which you will indeed need.

For your information, or Robert's *Book of War* Sarajevo book, which will be published in October this year, in Dark Horse, is dedicated to Karim.

Res. Regards
Ervin Rustemagic

XENOZOIC TALES

First, et me explain why *Xenozoic Tales*? Because it's what me & co. here in Sarajevo.

This explanation should get readers interested in the following text. I will give myself the liberty to do something I believe I've never done in any of my other press interviews about comics. I will tell you a personal story about the comic press.

We'll then see what's going on in Sarajevo in October of 1993. And you know what's going on in Sarajevo? This was tring, a discover if I'm alone in the street, come on, and was I used - line before March in '92 when I swore my everlasting and presumably mutual, loyalty in night, sat seal to the detonations of the exploding shells. It was literally a pea in my right ear every night, arms raised in the former Yugoslav Army (JNA). Under a candlelight, I was reading a huge pile of comics that I collected on my time. I was reading them over again and again, page after page, of the same comic strip, the *Moebius*.

I was wet, my sleep was interrupted for something inside some deeper meaning, something that escaped me, a entire be 're some kind forgotten or neglected something that was bring back the sweet news of prewar readings, something that was a part of me back then. In one more, me however didn't exist anymore. Not in me anyway. Comics became heart, eye, life. As a matter of fact, became sterile and ridiculous. From Day 1, an

comics strip, Moebius ph. Joseph more absurd than waiting in line for water over four hours, and heaps of Marvels and DCs, streams, just pieces of rubbish that were printed by some frustrated creators who never even seen somebody's blood not to mention let them in their own hands. So I was searching, less from the comic strip, less from the internet, less from the comic book, back to their place under the windows I am sitting in, at 11.

And then in October for the first time since the beginning of the war, held in my hands a brand new comic strip. It was *Dinossauro Shaman* Schulz's strips from the *Xenozoic Tales* series, and I was in England, arrived from Canada from a friend who, yes there now. Many have run away, but is one of the few I've left England as a friend. There is a difference between leaving and running away. It was our first contact after a very long time. At the moment when he found out my address in Zagreb, he was in a hurry and didn't have anything else in his hands but this comic strip.

He was at that working on a dozen paintings on the theme of Schulz's creation for a certain fan club which was preparing to broadcast a series of shows. Those who know him will know who I mean.

The album arrived at Zagreb first. Then a very kind woman from UNHCR, United Nations High Commission on Refugees, she is from Iran and always believed that where the good goes, ver brought it to me. On the very outskirts of Sarajevo she was stopped by Chetniks. They went through her baggage, searching for weapons, she could be smuggling for us. Usash Mupenjanević. There weren't any, but if they did find the *Dinossauro Shaman* naturally they ripped open the envelope. Then they examined the pages as if they were looking for secret codes. Well, at least they arrived at the end, so it arrived in Sarajevo to me.

For several days a tear arrived. I didn't even want to touch it. To me, it was striking. I admit now I had a false impression of it. You see, I was expecting something like a "Mister" a "Moebius," something colorful, something sophisticated as iron mannequin and not a dark book with some comic strip that reminded me of old comic books. Besides, I was certain I could see some fingerprints on the cover, scratches, fingers from their skin, fingers the same fingers that greater the *Moebius*, go to the same guns that she sells, on my own skin, a ring in need to read comics at all. Anyway, it happened for a drop of coffee. This was a man from the US, defensive one—the famous visceral, nickname for a member of the Bosnian special place unit under a command

of Dragan Vukor. He saw the album and liked it immediately. I lent it to him, probably hoping that I would never see it again.

That happened on Tuesday on Saturday he was wounded. The wound was grievous, but he survived. As soon as it was allowed I visited him at the hospital. There he regaled me the *Dinossauro Shaman*. The cover was worn with tigers and Jack and Hannah Dundee giving his visances at the horizon was now covered with blood. His blood. Afterwards he talked about the strip with the enthusiasm I despised the idea, because I thought I wasn't able to experience it, anymore. He talked about the beauty of *Dinossauro Shaman*, about Schulz's unusual iconography, about his powerful illustrations, about the strange force which came out from these pages and made him go nuts right there on the first line, transforming him into Jack Tenner, that wanted to shoot down four bearded dinosaurs. Absent-minded I was nodding and murmuring words like "Yeah, sure", letting my deprived Mr. Hyde of a critic get the better of me telling me how this guy doesn't have a clue and all this is just simple babble. At the end, just when I was about to leave him, he apologized for having taken the album to the front line and for reading it when the snipers bullet got him and for bleeding on the cover. At least, he said, I was determined to save it not use because I knew how you liked comics but because this one was too good to be left behind in the mud.

Well, screw it. At that point I broke down.

Still inside the hospital grounds just ours die he burning he was in I found the first concrete holder that used to hold a wooden bench (all wood was taken for the heating fuel a long time ago) and sat here for the next two hours feeding myself with the album and with a five-German marks worth pack of Drina no-filter cigarettes. This time I wasn't just staring nor did I fall asleep, this time I found everything I was looking for. First in Schulz's strip and then slowly in every other one whether it was old or new.

That's why *Xenozoic Tales*. Because I wanted to write something about him and it couldn't and shouldn't mean any other way than to care how patient, boring, egotistic, made up, unnecessary poorly-written or confusing my story strikes you. It is probably all of these things. However a few days ago I watched a movie. I missed the first ten minutes so I don't know the title (*Waterland*). In any case, Jeremy Irons plays an acoholic teacher who talks to his students about his childhood, his first love and about growing up in a little English coastal village in the middle of nowhere. The students think of him as worn out a bit muttly and a totally boring man. Just one child can truly understand him. At the end of the film, Irons explains to them about history. He says something like, "History is one horrible thing after another and the only way we can find it tolerable is when we look at it as a collection of stories. Stories we lived through or heard of. As long as they are stories we can understand history and learn from it." That's the only way.

And comic strips are the art of telling stories. That's why the *Xenozoic Tales* by Mark Schulz is a very, very good comic strip.

At the beginning of this article I wrote that the preface was personal. I didn't lie. All this article is but one long preface, a preface to your reading of *Xenozoic Tales*. Pure provocation. And if even this hasn't enough then put this paper aside and go to see *bosnian Park*. You don't deserve any better.

- Karim Zaovic

In a primal world where dragons fly and monsters
reign, a new king is born . . .

LONG LIVE THE KING.

SR BISSETTE'S **TYRANT**®



"**It's a must for any dinosaur fan. Beautifully illustrated,** Tyrant tells the life story of a Tyrannosaurus in obsessively researched detail, but never gets so scholarly it loses its sense of wonder . . . **Gorgeous, compelling stuff.** Bissette's really hitting his stride."

—Frank Miller, *Sin City: Silent Night*

"[#6 of the 10 Hottest Comics] Everyone goes nuts for dinosaurs . . . its dino factor makes it **mad-cool. Check it out!**"

—Christopher Golden, *Disney Adventures' "What's Hot"*



"**Unique in comics . . .** Well documented and researched, Tyrant offers readers a smooth introduction to a very ancient world . . ."

—Steven Weiner, *100 Graphic Novels for Public Libraries*

" . . . the life story of a single Tyrannosaurus rex. And before you say, "How boring!" read the first three issues. The compassion with which they are written will make you see why **this series is definitely a keeper.**"

—Chris Staros, *The Staros Report*



TALES WITH TEETH



SPIDERBABY GRAFIX

<http://www.insv.com/tyrant>

Plug in for information on obtaining original art, news, trivia or to order *Tyrant* with a credit card (Visa and MasterCard accepted).

Or write us at: SpiderBaby Grafix, Dept. XT, P.O. Box 442, Wilmington, VT 05363.

Send \$5.00 for a signed sample issue (postpaid).

© 1996 Stephen R. Bissette. SR Bissette's TYRANT® is a registered trademark of Stephen R. Bissette. All rights reserved.

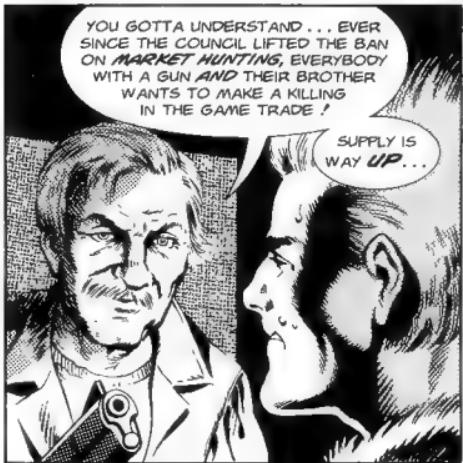
The Family Business

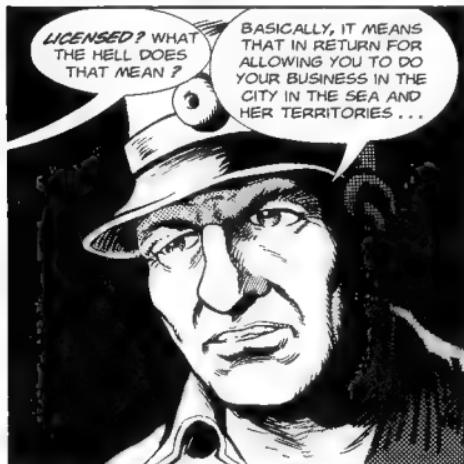
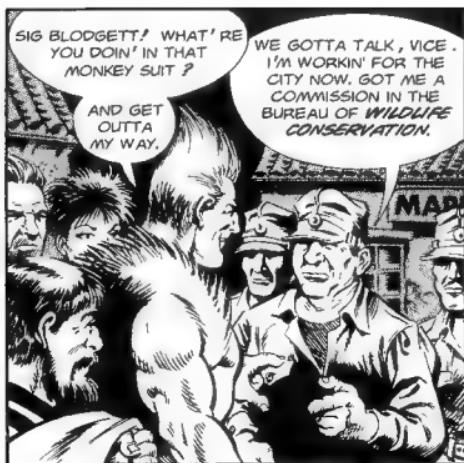




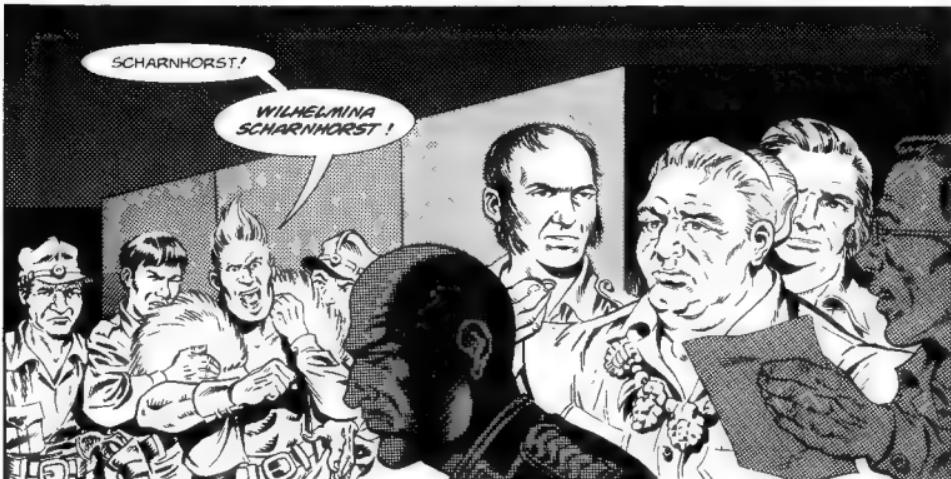
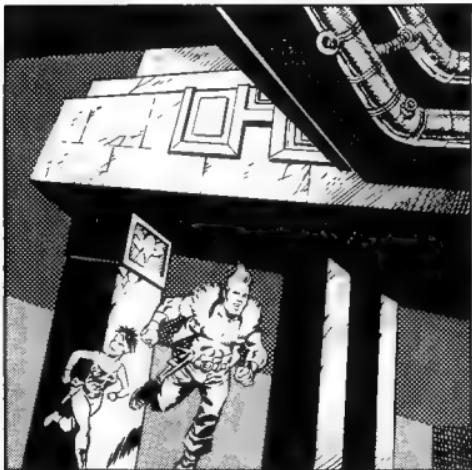
BESIDES,
SCHARNHORST
DONE SCARED
HIM OFF SO BAD
HE AINT NEVER
COMIN' BACK !















FROM A GEAR TO XENO

Did I really suggest, in this very column last issue, that I would have a new issue out in 1995? Naw . . . I couldn't have . . . no way could I be that unrealistic. Even if I did, no reader—certainly no veteran reader—would ever take my scheduling forecasts seriously . . . would they? I hope not!

Nevertheless, a big thank-you to each and every one who waited out the epochal gulf between this issue and the last . . . and a welcome aboard to all new readers!

Onward: Notice our girth? With this issue, *XT* expands its width by 3/8 of an inch. That may not seem like much, but this approximation of "silver age" dimensions allows us to print the interior art at a significantly larger size. Compare and contrast with previous issues and we're sure you'll agree: *Xenozoic Tales* is always working to bring you more value for your entertainment dollar!

"**Another Swarm's**" dinosaur du jour, the shrike (or, as we would call him today, *Monolophosaurus jiangi*) makes his comic-book debut here. Paleontologist Philip Currie, the world's foremost expert on theropod dinosaurs, excavated *Monolophosaurus* (say it ten times, quickly) in China in 1984. Dr. Currie also happens to be a home zymurgist. Having partaken of his excellent brew, I, ever the fanboy, volunteered to create a label for him to use on his bottles. He agreed, asking only that Mono-et cetera decorate the logo. Thus, below, my first drawing of this stylishly crested carnivorous. Spots, as always, courtesy of Al Williamson.



Currie, of course, operates out of the wonderful Royal Tyrell Museum of Paleontology, an institution which observant readers have no doubt noticed I love to promote. This issue's plug: check out the Tyrrell on the web at <http://tyrrell.magictech.ab.ca>. Virtually tour the museum! Check out new exhibits! Consider field dig participation programs!

As long as we're in the neighborhood, thanks and a tip of the carapace to Friend of Wassoon Michael Ryan for helping me develop "Another Swarm's" other guest creature, the harvestman. There are, of course, very good physical reasons why twenty-five-foot exoskeletoned entities don't really exist in our world, but Paleo Michael came up with

some pretty righteous semiplausible speculations on how one might be engineered if one did exist. Someday, somewhere, we'll be printing this background information and my model sheets for the daddy-longlegs from the center of the earth. You didn't think the grith were the only things down there . . .

More stuff to check out: having myself developed an allegiance to the many aesthetic advantages inherent in black and white comics, I always love it when I find a fellow cartoonist exploring the great potential of b&w. Not unlike film, the elements of composition, texture, and lighting tend to become much more inventive, more subtle, when they don't have to compete with color. I'm probably preaching to the converted here, but just in case you haven't seen them, let me recommend the following recent works of monochromatic splendor:

Of course, high on my list is Steve Bissette's *Tyrant* (SpiderBaby Graphix), which chronicles the life history of a tyrannosaurus rex in stories featuring gorgeously rendered Cretaceous environments. Steve gets the details right. I know—I've seen him in full investigatory swing at the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology convention. Not that he lets the facts interfere with the dramatics. Great storytelling! (I suspect issue no. 5 will appear in the near future.)

Charles Deess's *Book of Ballads and Sagas* (Green Man Press) features Charles's exquisite pen renderings of Scottish folklore and legend. This is not the kind of material I would ever have thought would make for compelling comics, but the power of Charles's sequential storytelling coupled with the time-tested allure of the source stories make for one emotionally involving read. And lovers of classic illustration will appreciate the technique and nuance Charles brings to his b&w work. Look for issue no. 4 in December!

Anyone who missed Carol Lay's *Joy Ride* (Kitchen Sink Press) when it was published early this year should immediately slam on their brakes, go full reverse, and track down this wonderful collection of Carol's syndicated *Story Minutes* and the longer story of the title. Working in her graphically brilliant neo-bigfoot style, Carol's tales are alternately hilarious and touching and—bonus here—*Joy Ride* is great science fiction! Carol seems endlessly inventive, and draws the best overbites in the business.

Next issue: Jack and Hannah return to the great outdoors when, along with Balclutha, they lead an expeditionary force from Wassoon into the Great Carboniferous Swamp. And who lives in the Great Carboniferous Swamp? Does anyone remember Fessenden? Scharnhorst does. Also featuring the grith, sexual tension and—surprise!—a dinosaur or two.

Page 19 of "Another Swarm" is for Willis O'Brien and Ray Harryhausen . . . **Patti Smith** is still champ . . . **See you "soon"** . . .



XENOZOIC FINE ARTS



V250

ORDER INFO

If you would like to order via e-mail, please include your Visa or Mastercard #, expiration date, name as it appears on the card, and street address for delivery. You can fax the same to 1-413-582-7116. Or, you can call 1-800-365-7465 to order with Visa or Mastercard, in the U.S.

To order with check or money order, please make payable to Kitchen Sink Press in U.S. funds, and send to Kitchen Sink Press, 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060. Be sure to include the proper amount for shipping (see below). If you are in Massachusetts, please add 5% sales tax.

DOMESTIC FREIGHT CHART			
\$0-11.25	\$4.50	\$50-374.99	\$8.50
\$12-23.99	\$6.50	\$75-504.99	\$8.50
\$24-54.99	\$7.50	OVER \$50	10% of order
SHIPPING & HANDLING			
Orders under \$50, add \$1.00			
Orders over \$50, add 20% of your order			
OTHER INTERNATIONAL			
Orders under \$50, add \$15.00			
Orders over \$50, add 20% of your order			
POSTER ORDERS ADD \$1.00 Add for one poster tube only, tube will hold multiple poster orders.			

ALL payments must be in U.S. funds. Checks must be drawn on a U.S. bank account.

Artwork © 1996 Mark Schultz. Xenozoic Tales is a trademark of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc. Kitchen Sink Press and the Kitchen Sink Press logo are registered trademarks of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc. All rights reserved.

"The New World"

Poster and Print featuring the cover artwork to *Xenozoic Tales* #14.

Available as a regular poster or as a limited edition (250) print on high quality heavy stock paper **signed and numbered by Mark Schultz**. 16" x 22"

POSTER: NWXTP \$6.95
S&N PRINT: NWXSNP \$25.00

"Scenes From the Xenozoic Age"

Deluxe, limited-edition portfolio in hand-crafted case.

The finest cover art Mark Schultz created for *Xenozoic Tales* is now available in a limited edition boxed portfolio—the most lavish portfolio ever produced for the comics market. Ten superbly reproduced 11" x 17" prints—including one created specially for this portfolio and **signed and numbered by Schultz**. Uniquely packaged in a maple and pine box with a color image silkscreened on the tongue-and-groove lid. **Limited edition of 99**. Order yours today!

A standard portfolio edition of the prints without the deluxe box and packaging will be offered in early 1997.
XENPFL: \$299.00



AVAILABLE IN FINER COMIC SHOPS

For a FREE catalog featuring Mark Schultz's *Xenozoic Tales* comics, books, T-shirts, fine art prints and more, call 1-800-672-7862, e-mail kitchensp@aol.com, fax 1-413-582-7116, or write Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060.

